

NEW BOOKS.

A Beauty From Alexandretta. The reader will be much interested in the perplexities of the scholar and philanthropist celebrated in William J. Locke's story of "The Morals of Marcus Ordoineo" (John Lane, The Bodley Head). We do not often come across a more entertaining chronicle. Here is Sir Marcus, a bachelor 40 years old, who sits down on the rhinoceros of Italy...

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no problems to disturb, no purpose to discover, no plot to puzzle, no tragedy to sadden and nothing really to accomplish except the wedding of a very gay widow and a very pretty young girl, both of whom are willing to take advantage of their opportunities. The book is published by McClure, Phillips & Co.

A Heroine With Two Motives. "Constance West," by E. R. Puncheon, is an unusual story by an unfamiliar author, which, crude in some ways and impossible in others, presents a psychological study in elemental emotions of singular intensity and compelling interest. It is a departure from the beaten path in that the scene is laid in a comparatively new region of geographical fiction—the wilds of northwestern Canada; and the heroine is a daringly original creature—a woman no longer young, but of hearty, sane, middle-aged, birdlike creation with one eye and two motives—love and hatred—and with a curious romantic power of fascination.

After twenty years of separation from a husband who has disgraced her for life in a fit of intoxication, Constance West seeks out the husband she still loves in spite of her wrongs. Coming to the frontier settlement with a great longing for reconciliation, she finds in the middle of the Embarment garden a plumped on her knees before her and clasped her hands above her head. "For God's sake get up!" I shrieked, wrenching her back acrobatically to the bench beside me. "You mustn't do things like that."

He Died to Make Her Happy. In Anne Douglas Sedgwick's admirable novel "The Path of Judgment" (The Century Company) we find a page to a conventional observation by a conventional lady. "You know," said Mrs. Merrick to her niece, the heroine of this story, "that he is very poor. I fancy he has no settled income at all." The author herself has small patience with Mrs. Merrick at this point. "It had come," she says, "the inevitable grunt in the midst of the pastoral. Even in her dispirited Elicia could feel some amount of indignation at the sudden simile that suggested Aunt Kate as the unobscured pig in its sty among the orchards and rose hedges, where she had been happily strolling. She could almost see a flexible, inquiring snout pushing between the palings, above it the scrutiny of an observant eye."

That is a little rude. But Aunt Kate was right, after all. She was right, not by reason of her own insight—for heaven knows that she was not profound—but she had in a proverbial way the wisdom of the ages. It shocks us to think that what she knew through the most respectable sort of education should be characterized as a "grunt." Maurice Wynne in this story really deserved the judgment that Aunt Kate unoriginally pronounced upon him. He was charming—a possible recommendation. He was not strong—a possible positive liability. He was a little to think that the heroine was not constant. She was quick to think ill of Maurice at a specious opportunity. She was hard and merciless at a time when poor Maurice needed her kindness the most. He tragically helped her to be happy. He put a pistol to his head when it was proper and necessary that he should be out of the way. That is a strong reason for his survival in the strong world. We feel that it is a weakness to grieve for him. His strong and handsome friend, the real hero of this story, consoled the widow. Geoffrey Daunt (there is strength in the name) was unvarying and tremulous in his patient and magnanimous attitude. If he could have brought himself to be selfish for a single moment, we confess that it would have been a relief to us. Curiously, both of the men in the story are constant. It is only the woman who deviates. Her heart was the larger. It had room.

We must remark the admirable English of this tale. Not too frequently have we been so pleased by the use of words. Of Sharp Historical Interest. Capt. John S. Wise's story of "The Lion's Skin" (Doubleday, Page & Co.) is a story of reconstruction in Virginia. It has rather a formal air in places and contains a good deal of undigested politics. We have no fault to find with this. We respect serious purpose in fiction, and we remember what Victor Hugo did in a story with the title of Waterloo.

A waltz of the period defined a Virginian Debrauer as one who "would rather own you all his life than cheat you out of a cent." This is a perhaps as near a description of what he was as any that can be given. In that party there were doubtless numbers of honest, lightened people who felt that the Funding Bill, however outrageous in origin or effect, ought to be respected as a contract of the State. "With decided ability as a lawyer, and oratorical gifts of an antiquated type, Daniel had a strong hold upon his party." "Machone was at that time the keenest, most virile and aggressive intellect in Virginia."

These brief quotations will indicate the kind and quality of a good deal that is in the story. The impression of reading a novel is not always quite as strong here as the impression of reading the North American Review. It hardly need be said that not the less, and perhaps even more, have we found ourselves interested. The author is a son of that Governor of Virginia who ordered the last earthly disposition of John Brown, was a conspicuous figure in the agitation which he describes. He was a Republican in the Old Dominion, after the war and he ran for Governor in 1855. Those were strenuous times in a famous and honored State, and plenty of readers will share our interest in this intimate and vivid narrative.

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He had, we read, "very little regard, or none at all, for the laws of his country." We do not feel ourselves called upon to discuss the justice of these observations, or of other observations here which are still stronger and which we should hesitate to reproduce. We submit that it is not likely that they are the observations of Evelyn Gladys. The book is beautified by a frontispiece portrait of an obviously smart little girl. No explanation is attached. She may be Evelyn. She may be Gladys. She may be both. She looks too innocent to be an author. Very likely it is her fortunate father who entertains these sharp, sarcastic views of the transactions between Jacob and Leah. Let him be proud of his offspring as well as of his philosophical powers.

We do not know what to make of the picture in colors on the cover of the book. Here is a man digging with a pitchfork in what appears to be barren ground. A woman and a child are walking away on the horizon as though they despaired of any profitable outcome of the laborer's work. For all we know this is Mr. G. B. Shaw digging for vegetables in the salt sea sand.

John Higelow's Benjamin Franklin. That noble monument which the Hon. John Higelow has raised for himself, "The Life of Benjamin Franklin Told by Himself," appears in a fifth, revised edition in three volumes from the J. B. Lippincott Company. Mr. Higelow modestly professes to have edited the work. There is a constructive editing that is fully original in authority, and the painstaking hunting for material and the scholarly arrangement of it after it has been found mark the book as Mr. Higelow's as much as if he had written every word of it.

This new edition is notable in its way. Though verging on his ninetieth year, the venerable author has been able to examine and consider all the new matter about Franklin that has appeared since the last edition, and to revise and augment his text in consequence. The life of one of the greatest of Americans is presented in a form that must be well liked definitely.

Mr. Tracy in India. It is too bad that the historical bug should have bitten Mr. Louis M. Tracy. In two books which he has produced in recent years he has shown a breeziness, a freshness and a swing that carried the reader along in spite of serious faults. In "The Great Mogul" (Edward J. Clode, New York), he has unfortunately turned to the historical models and has produced a curious piece of patchwork.

The time he has picked out is picturesque and promising. The first appearance of the English in India in the days of King James. There are bits that are very well done, especially at the beginning, so that the reader's hopes arise, but once on Indian soil the story becomes commonplace. One villain seems lifted bodily from "The Wandering Jew." The characters are sketched brightly enough at the start, but the author does not hold them to themselves.

It is a disappointing book, not only because Mr. Tracy has done much better, but because even here he has shown what he could do if he had only had to his first artistic ideas.

A New History of Rome. Of all the books that should be written, one of the last most people would think must be a new history of Rome. That is round that has been pretty well gleaned, even in very recent times, yet if Dr. A. H. J. Greenidge carries out his purpose and completes his six volumes, "A History of Rome During the Later Republic and the Early Principate" (E. P. Dutton & Co.) he will fill a gap. Modern scholars have brought the story to the death of Julius Caesar, and something has been done for Diocletian and Constantine's time on, but even Roman held back from Augustus and his successors, and that story needs to be rewritten.

Dr. Greenidge's first volume begins with the Gracchi and ends with the second consulship of Marius. That is the proper place to begin Rome's later history, for it is the fashion to trace Caesar's reforms to the efforts of the Gracchi. What a relief to us. Curiously, both of the men in the story are constant. It is only the woman who deviates. Her heart was the larger. It had room.

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REMEMBER THIS THE FOLLOWING MAGAZINES—NEWSPAPERS—PERIODICALS CLAIM THAT BROKE OF COVENDEN IS A NOVEL OF REMARKABLE DISTINCTION

BUY IT AND TAKE IT HOME TO-DAY HERBERT B. TURNER & CO., BOSTON.

sympathetic eyes, however. They view the doings of the unlovely Romans with British superiority and undigested contempt, and many statements are marked more by absence of kindness than by strict adherence to truth. Generalizing one unfortunate incident into a universal custom is not quite fair. People who know Italy will find the ingenious variations from fact entertaining.

An Old Fashioned Detective Story. "The Van Snyden Sapphires" is a detective story which satisfies all the requirements of this class of fiction—clever intrigue, baffling mystery, misdirected suspicions, prolonged suspense and unexpected denouement. But it is written distinctly in lighter vein, contains none of the revolting details of murder upon which such stories are usually founded, and taxes the credulity with weak and extravagant subterfuges and situations. The pieces set up in the problem presented to the ingenuity of the author and for the entertainment of the reader are Mrs. Van Snyden, an impractical Philistine whose ambition is to realize a millionnaire's fortune by the sale of Art (both in caricature) and the dowry, together with the lead actress, Elida Years, an actress who believes that fame consists in having her affairs blazoned to the world in the columns of the newspapers, and Gwendolyn Eustacia Fremont, a "Little Sister to the Rich," who carries a precarious living by the painting of fans, but has enviable social relations.

Miss Years, having been invited to a house party at Mrs. Van Snyden's, considers that the psychological moment has come to be robbed of her jewels and thus have her name placed on the roll of fame as an artist. Not having any jewels of her own she borrows a ruby necklace, purloins it herself from the secret safe where Mrs. Van Snyden has placed it with her famous sapphires, and persuades the painter of fans to carry it back to its owner. Of course, the necklace is lost, the sapphires are stolen, and the detectives, the painter of fans and the author spend a great deal of time following up false scents, suspecting innocent people and finally confounding the guilty and restoring the jewels—all for the edification of readers who like that sort of thing. The story is written by Charles Carey and published by Dodd, Mead & Co.

A Tale of Old Quebec. "A Knot of Blue Ribbon" is a modern copy of the old time tapers' romance faithfully transcribed. If the colors lack the delicate charm, the atmosphere, the tender glow of the time faded original, the fabric of the plot is woven in accordance with the old conventions and after the ancient pattern. No shadow of modern problems obscures its design; no "unpleasant" modern questions confuse its purpose. It is a book which may be safely placed in the hands of young people, for it is as harmless as barley sugar and as moral as a tract.

The scene is laid in old Quebec, that appropriate background for romantic maneuvers. The principal characters are introduced in the first chapter, when the hero incurs the hatred of the villain at cards and saves the life of the heroine in a shipwreck with no time wasted in parrying. The

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tricks of the "black art," even to incantations, potions and poisons, are employed in accelerating the action of a briskly moving plot, in which the ruin of a too credulous hero is averted by the intervention of Providence, a fool, the heroine and the author. He lives to wear her "Knot of Blue Ribbon" bravely in the war to which he goes in explanation of his temporary fecklessness and from which he returns crowned with honors to be rewarded according to the old traditions of chivalry with the hand of the fair lady whose colors he has worn.

The story is written by William R. A. Wilson and published by Little, Brown & Co. New Fiction. A posthumous collection of pieces by the lady who under the pseudonym Michael Phillips wrote "The Boardman" is called "The Grey Brethren" (E. P. Dutton & Co.). There are pathetic sketches, verse that is poetry, and some charming fairy tales that are the real fairy tales that children want. All told in delightful English.

The story of a woman's struggle against her love for a man much younger than herself is told effectively in "Mrs. Eslington," by Kathleen Mary Chesver Meredith (The Century Company), and is not excelled by the rather superficial glimpses of California society. The heroine stands out clearly and retains the reader's sympathy, and some of the minor characters are sketched cleverly, while others are mere puppets. The illustrations suggest the variety stage rather than society.

It is a curious, sentimental, boarding house romance that we get in "The Wing of Love," by Katharine Mary Chesver Meredith (McClure, Phillips & Co.). A painfully sharp infant is the central figure, and we almost expect her to perish to slow music. Instead, an unlucky musician of not wholly temperate habits is taken off. The tale reads easily, however, the author succeeds in giving impressions by indirect methods, and there is a certain ingenuousness about it all that is touching.

Automobiles are creating a literature of their own. To this Mr. Lloyd Osborne contributes "Motormaniacs" (The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis), four short stories, all turning on motor adventures. He employs the methods of the oldtime British farce to provide humor, especially in the last, where the motor remains in the background. In the others he supplies a fearful mechanical vocabulary. The stories are fairly good of their kind, however, and probably will appeal to motorists.

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Harper's Book News

The Ultimate Passion. A young man of high ideals playing into the hands of a powerful, corrupt political ring in order to gain power through their influence and ultimately to defeat them—this is a hint of the plot of this strong, virile novel by Philip Verrill Mighels. It is a work of unusual power, an absorbing story, showing the machinations of political schemers and others prominent in social and business life in New York. The startling incidents that the political situation brings forth are closely woven in with a charming love-tale. Mr. Mighels will be remembered as the author of *Brucever Jim's Baby*.

The Tyranny of the Dark

Hamlin Garland's latest novel goes into a new and fascinating field—that of the occult. Strange things happen as the story develops along startling lines. The heroine is a delightful Western girl, such as Hamlin Garland portrays so well, and under this baffling "tyranny of the dark" her romance becomes a moving tale of strange beauty. The book is a striking departure from modern fiction—one that everybody will be talking about and reading for its remarkable novelty.

The Accomplice

Frederick Trevor Hill, the author of *The Web* and other stirring fiction, has produced in this volume a novel of mystery along lines wholly new in fiction. The story is told from a novel point of view—the hero being the foreman of the jury at a hotly-contested murder trial. The story goes in and out of the courtroom through a maze of mystery and sensational developments. It is a new way of telling a tale of love and presents a new method of solving a great mystery.

Fond Adventures

There is more than a bookful in this wonderful new volume of sensuous impressions by Maurice Hewlett. Here are four glowing love tales out of the heart of the Middle Ages, each alone long enough for a little book. Since the publication of *The Forest Lovers* Mr. Hewlett has written nothing so palpitating with the full and splendid life of that virile day.

HARPER & BROTHERS, N. Y.

The most intensely interesting novel ever written is by Emil Frensdorff, entitled MASKS—For Sale Everywhere. Geo. W. Ogilvie & Co., Publishers, Chicago.

ART SALES AND EXHIBITIONS. THE ANDERSON AUCTION CO. Successors to Bangs & Co. 5 W. 29th St., New York. Sale on TUESDAY Afternoon, May 23rd, at 3. Americana, New York City and Books on the Islands, etc. Sale on WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, May 24th and 25th, at 3 and 7:30. The Americana Portion of the Valuable Private Collection of WILBERFORCE EAMES, of the Johns Library. Sale on FRIDAY Afternoon and Evening, May 25th, at 3 and 7:30. Sets of Standard Authors, Limited Editions, The Century Dictionary, Books in Fine Bindings, etc.

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